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From the Baltimore Patriot.

Lines on the Death of Gen. Taylor.

BY GEO. W. S. NICHOLSON.

Toll the bell—a nation's mourning—
Toll the bell for glory's son,
He has gone; but left his country
All the laurels he had won.
Sing a requiem for the hero,
Still and silent is his breath;
Never yet has he surrendered
Till his summons came from Death.

Weep in anguish, soldiers, comrades,
Ye who shared his battle field;
Nevermore he'll sound the 'larum;
Nevermore he'll strike the shield.
Rests his spirit in the shadow
Of the heavenly martial band;
Friends and foemen gather 'round him
In the blessed spirit land,

He has passed from worldly battles,
Gone where glory 'waits the chief
Who has, living, done his duty;
Left his country drowned in grief.
Let our tears, incessant flowing,
Dropping mournful to the earth,
Speak the sad and silent requiem
Due his great and honored worth.

From the Cleveland Herald.

Judge Johnston at Cleveland—His Speech.

The Whig nominee for Governor spent most of last week in this city, visiting with old friends, forming new acquaintances, and mingling freely with the people. Like the honest old patriot at the national helm, the better he is known the better he is liked; and we venture that no man in the State has the happy faculty of making more friends or faster friends, whether in social life or on the political stump, than William Johnston, of Yellow Creek—strong minded and sound minded—well formed and well informed—plain spoken and honest spoken—he unites the roughness and kindness of the early pioneer with the urbanity and world-wide philanthropy of the truly good and useful citizen. Sprung from the people, his thoughts, his sympathies, his aspirations are with the toiling masses. When they know him as his old friends know him—and he will, if blessed with health, devote the whole season to forming their acquaintance—the people will vote for him.

Judge Johnston addressed his fellow citizens Saturday afternoon in this city, and made a most favorable impression on all his hearers. The address was well received by all political parties. It was able, frank and convincing—a speech which we wish could reach the ear of every freeman in Ohio. On the vexed question of free and slave territory he had no concealments, no evasions; and we take pleasure in presenting the public with a correctly revised report of that portion of his able address. On being introduced to the assembly, Judge Johnston said:

"I left home in feeble health, and having made a pleasant tour among my old friends in Eastern Ohio, came here a few days ago in fine health and better spirits. I visited the Queen city of the North, as I used to visit my lady love when I was young, without note of preparation, to see her *en dishabille* and learn her domestic habits. Here I found her in youthful loveliness at her toilet, with busy fingers repairing her beauty and improving her charms, and shyly but proudly displaying her queenly majesty in the broad, clear and beautiful mirror of the Lake.

After a few days' rest and recreation, and a very pleasant visit to the hospitable mansion of my old friend Judge Wood on Rocky River, I come now to try whether I can launch my slender barque in the troubled waters of the North without breaking her keel.

This is an experiment which in view of the great agitation on the question of slavery, I was advised not to try the experiment. If I had relied on rumors in the South, I should have believed that all the beautiful green meadows of the Reserve were Serbonian bogs, ready to swallow me up—that your friendly doors thrown open to receive me were pitfalls prepared for my destruction—that your hospitable tables spread out before me were underlaid with gins for my feet—and that at every corner I should meet somebody with catechism in hand, ready to involve me in endless perplexity. And even now, while my own heart is perfectly calm, I doubt not but that the hearts of thousands of my friends at the other end of the wire, are fluttering with anxiety for my fate.

When the injured Menelaus challenged Paris, to single combat, and his gallant brother shamed him into an acceptance of the challenge; when this voluptuous young spark was sinking beneath the indignant sword of his adversary, the goddess of Love descended in a cloud and covering him with her mantle carried him from the field and laid him softly in the arms of the beautiful Helen.--And I doubt not now, that at this moment, as I stand before you, hundreds of weak hearted friends are praying that the goddess of *"Noise and Confusion,"* who whilome held her reign in this enchanted city, and once snatched a favorite hero from danger, might now descend upon me and shelter me from the peril of this hour.

But this may not be. I am not a worshipper at her shrine. She is not the patroness of my fortunes. I am bound to speak out. If I cannot afford to be honest, I cannot afford to be Governor. There is a spot of earth, amidst the rude wild hills of Yellow Creek, whither my heart turns when groundless fears beset me. There are the scenes and the friends of my childhood and youth. There are the streams where I bathed, the woods where I hunted, the brooks where I fished, the fields where I toiled, the shades where I reposed, the springs where I drank, the rocks where I climbed. There the song of the bird and the gush of the fountain first inspired my soul with poetry, and the loftiness of the hills first filled my soul with ambition. There rustic beauty first taught my heart to love, and rustic honesty first taught my heart to confide. There are the honest rustics in whom I then confided and still confide.—Thither I look for courage, knowing that from the mouth of old Yellow creek, where Dunmore's bloody war began, to her highest source, where the chalybeate fountains gush from the barren hills, every man, and every woman who was acquainted with me in youth, would hang down their heads in confusion, if they were told that I feared to speak the truth as it is in me—here or elsewhere—North or South.

Let us, then, approach fearlessly but candidly this vexed question of slave territory and free territory,

By the ordinance of 1787, for the government of the North Western Territory, it is declared that—"There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

This Godlike sentiment was first revealed to Thomas Jefferson. Then to Nathan Dane, who perfected and incorporated it in the ordinance of '87. Then it was incorporated by the fathers of these western republics in the constitutions of all the five States carved out of the North Western Territory.

This is what in the nomenclature of modern times is called the "Wilmot Proviso." With what justice this wreath of unfading glory is stripped from the brows of the illustrious dead and placed on the head of Mr. Wilmot I do not care at this time to inquire. I will not quarrel with a good thing because it is falsely ascribed to the wrong man. And as I cannot ascribe it to Wilmot, and you will not ascribe it to any body else, let us agree to call it by way of pre-eminence THE PROVISO.

Of this proviso, or rather the beneficent end sought to be accomplished by it, I wish to speak.

There is a class of people professing friendship for the African race with whom I desire to have no controversy; and to whom I do not now address myself. People soured by disappointment, or bitten by the mad dog of notoriety, or both. People who care not whether they acquire good or ill fame, so they can get the world to talk about them. People in whose estimation the Whig party is corrupt, and the Democratic party is corrupt. The federal government is corrupt, and the State governments are corrupt. The judges of the court are corrupt, and the ministers of the gospel are corrupt. The State is corrupt, and the Church is corrupt. The wisdom of earth is corrupt, and the revelations of Heaven are corrupt. People whose faculties are deranged by a moral disease, parallel to that horrid disease of the body, which in its riper stages subverts the bones in the nose, and so vitiates the olfactories as to make its victims smell corruption everywhere.

To such persons I do not wish to speak. I desire to speak to men of healthy brains and honest hearts.—Men who, feeling themselves to be sincere, are willing to believe that other people are sincere also. Men who are not panting for notoriety at the expense of fairness. Men who are not seeking for place, except as the means of usefulness. Men who sincerely desire the happiness of the whole human family, and the happiness of the African race as an integral part of the whole. Men who sincerely desire, as I do, to set the narrowest limit to human slavely, and give the broadest area to human freedom. Men who look with a single eye to the great *end* to be accomplished rather than to the means and the men by which and by whom it is to be accomplished. Men who are willing to regard the unforseen developments of Divine Providence, as well as the narrow views of men in the accomplishments of these great ends.

To all such I say "come and let us reason together."

The man who honestly desires the *end*, will not cavil about the means, if the means be honest.

If my child is lost in the howling wilderness, as a father, what shall I do? Contrive the best means for its recovery which my understanding enables me. I mount twenty men on horses, with carbines on their backs, and bugles at their sides, and sending them forth, charge them for the love of God, never to dismount from their horses, or cease to sound their bugles till my lost one is restored. While these men

"Over the hills and far away,"

are making the earth resound to their footsteps, and the Heavens resound to their bugles, a poor peasant, who never sounded a bugle or shouldered a carbine, or bestrode a horse in his life, brings my lost one home in his arms. Shall I drive my child from my bosom, and insult the honest peasant, because God was wiser than me, and brought about the *end* by means which I did not contrive?

Where is the hollow hearted charlatan who can distrust the speechless rapture of my soul, by telling me that I have changed my platform?

Now see, if you are not doing us the same sort of injustice when you accuse us from departing from the Whig platform of 1848.

I speak advisedly on this point. I paused on my way to enjoy the hospitality of one of the friends of my youth, whose life of late years has been very much devoted to the cause of African freedom—who understands the political tenets of the Free Soil party well, and is too honest, and too kind to do injustice willingly to the views or feelings of an old friend. He admitted that Taylor's administration was better than he expected, but insisted that the Whigs of Ohio were entitled to no confidence, because they had abandoned their platform of 1848. The same charge has been made by an intelligent friend in my hearing since I came to this city. Now, where! When! How! has been done?

In January, 1849, the Whigs of Ohio, in convention resolved to sustain *"the proviso."* As an *end?* No! But as a means of setting the narrowest limit to human slavery, and giving the broadest area to human freedom. At time that neither you nor we thought of what has since transpired. We both looked to a long probation, under a territorial government, for all newly acquired territories. In this territorial government we wish to insert "the Proviso."

Since then, three great events have taken place, which Wilmot's philosophy never dreamed of.—Which your philosophy, and my philosophy never dreamed of.—Events which Cromwell would have called "the births of Providence," and which, for want of better language, I call by the same name.

First; A treaty has been concluded between Mexico and the United States, by which the existing laws of Mexico have been secured to the territories until Congress shall pass other laws for their government.—By these laws, slavery is expressly inhibited.

Second; These new territories have been flooded by a population sufficiently large to entitle them to a rank in the Union, as independent States.

Third; California first, and then New Mexico, have held conventions, and framed constitutions, *by which slavery is forever excluded*, and are now at the door of Congress knocking for admittance. Every Whig in Ohio says, 'COME-in!" Old ZACK TAYLOR says, "COME IN!" You honestly thought he would not say so. I honestly thought he would say so. I am glad he did not disappoint me. Are you sorry that he has disappointed you? Again they knock:—and with the hospitality of an oriental patriarch, the old man throws open the door and says, "come in ye blessed of the Lord, for there is room enough." What do you say? Will you too, say, "COME IN?" Or will you remand them back to their territorial condition? Will you say to the gallant Freemont and to Smith—the standard bearers of California and New Mexico—"Fold up your banners, that the world may not see your mottos of freedom. Go home to your people, and bid them hang their harps on the willows, and weep by the waters of Francisco and Rio del Norte till the amiable Wilmot can run the dubious, nay, desperate risk of procuring for you the passage of a territorial government, with a *"Wilmot Proviso"* in it? Will you say this? Is this now your platform? If not, then you too have changed your platform. But no! I have too much charity to make such a charge against you. I shall be sorry if you have so little charity as to repeat such a charge against us.

In 1848, both of us looked to a territorial government. In view of that, both of us sought to incorporate the proviso. That was our mutual platform.

Now, by a course of events which at that time none but God could see, we both look to State Governments with the proviso; still holding fast the old doctrine, that whenever and wherever territorial governments are to be established, *"the proviso"* shall be a part of them.

Can I be under a mistake in this? Here is the document transmitted to me by the president of the convention which put me in nomination.

IN CONVENTION, COLUMBUS MAY 6, 1850.

Resolved, That we cordially approve of the recommendation of President Taylor's message in favor of the immediate admission of California, and that Congress should admit the new State, independent of, and disconnected with any other proposition.

Resolved, That in all territorial governments hereafter organized by Congress, we here reiterate the principle declared by the Whig State convention of 1848, "that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude therein, otherwise than for the punishment of crime."

Resolution of the Whig Convention, January 19th, 1848.

Resolved, That we deprecate a war of conquest, and strenuously oppose the forcible acquisition of Mexican territory; but, if additional territory be forced upon us, we DEMAND that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude therein, otherwise than for the punishment of crime."

Here, then, I pause, and ask this question, is it not immeasurably a greater moral triumph to every true friend of human liberty, that California and New Mexico should come in with floating banners, saying "WE WILL BE FREE!" than that Congress should stretch out a sceptre over them and say *you shall be free?*

But say you, what is to be done with Utah?—Again I turn to the resolution of May 6, 1850.

Resolved, That in all territorial governments hereafter organized by Congress, we here reiterate the principle decided by the Whig State convention of 1848 "that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude therein, otherwise than for the punishment of crime."

Can this be done for Utah? I fear the chances are desperate. If it can be done, then I prefer it. If it cannot be done, what then? By the laws of Mexico slavery is already excluded. Before I would abolish those laws to make room for others, I would carefully count the cost—carefully number my host. And if I had not strength enough to carry the point, I would fall back on what now appears to be the only feasible plan—the plan proposed by the President. Let the people of the territory live under the laws now in force, till they shall have numbers sufficient to entitle them to a place among the States; and then let the people choose a constitution for themselves.

But you will say again as I have heard you say before, that Southern men deny the binding validity of the Mexican laws in the new territories. Do you believe all that Southern men say when their passions are excited? If you do, you have a stronger faith than I. I have known them in fits of passion to say many things that were not gospel in my estimation. And if you could extend the ordinance of 1787 with the *Nathan Dane proviso* over this territory, what assurance have you that Southern men will not say that this ordinance is of no binding validity? If Southern men don't say so, I can tell you who will. There is a Northern man with Southern principles, not a thousand leagues hence, who has already said so—already declared that Congress has no constitutional power to pass such an ordinance. Already have the democratic party of Michigan and of Ohio both changed their position in relation to "the proviso," in order to accommodate themselves to the position of this great Northern Bear of the political horizon, who forever revolves round and round the polar star of truth, without approaching any nearer to it. And mark my word for it, the old man will be down on you again with "noise and confusion" worse confounded. His banners are ready, and when the ides of October are over, they will be flung to the breeze. "Cass and victory," will be the battle-cry along the Northern lakes; "Cass and victory" will be re-echoed from the Southern gulf; and by a vigorous third party organization you may again be the instruments of giving him the vote of Ohio. The poet may sing of this glorious old Whig party of Ohio, as he sung of Greece:

"Enough, no foreign power could quell
Her soul till from herself she fell."

Meanwhile you shall see the scores of Free Soil Democrats in his train; you shall see Northern editors, whose blood was well nigh frozen at the thought that the Whigs had taken up a pro-slavery man for Governor, following the heels of this knight of the broken sword, as Sancho Panza followed the knight of the sorrowful figure, begging him for the government of the first Island he should conquer. A few days since, I reasoned the matter all over with one of my Whig Free Soil friends whose vote I should have been glad to secure, but like a bashful maiden willing to be loved, but too modest to make love, I did not ask for it.—But he knew what I wanted, and relieved me from embarrassment by telling me that there was not a man in Ohio he would rejoice so much to see elected, or for whom he would so cheerfully vote. He conceded frankly that all his preconceived opinions of the Chief Executive were wrong; gave up the charge of changing platforms as mere quibble, and declared his decided preference for the State policy of the Whigs. "But," said he, "if we allow our forces to scatter, we shall not be able to rally them again when an emergency arises hereafter."

There may be something in this. I think when no ground is left whereon to rally, it may be a hard matter to keep honest men together.

A mercenary army, fighting for pay and plunder, headed by ambitious leaders, who say in their hearts like Milton's fallen angel,

"To reign, is worth ambition, though in Hell—
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven,"

may be kept together in this way. But a patriot army like yours, fighting for their homes and their household gods, when the war is over, and no foe in the field, are ever prone to go back to the anvil and the plow. To beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn war no more—especially war upon their old friends.

I have the evidence in my pocket of this peaceful proclivity. My pockets are full of letters from as good free soilers as you—men of high character and talent—men whose presence gave respectability to your State Convention of 1848, acknowledging themselves to be agreeably disappointed in the policy of the federal administration, and offering me their zealous support. I have shaken scores of them by the hand since I came to this city, who have treated me in the same way without solicitation. Your democratic allies have already deserted you, the most of them, and those who have not, soon will. What then, is this *corps de reserve* of the whig party to be kept up for? Whose baggage is to be protected? Whose retreat is to be covered?"

Mr. Johnston said that it was his present purpose only to speak of slavery with reference to the newly acquired territories. On the subject of slavery, as a domestic institution—the rights of masters in pursuing escaping slaves—the duties of the citizens of free States in delivering them up—and all the doctrines arising out of the ordinance of 1787, he had been both heard and printed at a time when there could be no motive for lying. In 1846 two persons by the name of Forbes and Armitage, carried Jerry Phinney away from the capital of our State to the capital of Kentucky, and were charged as kidnappers escaping from justice. He was deputed to follow them with a requisition from the Governor of Chio on the Governor of Kentucky, to deliver them up.—This task he undertook, not because he had more legal ability than others, but because others who had more to say on these subjects at home, felt a reluctance to go into Kentucky, on such an errand. The alleged fugitives were arrested and carried into the Circuit Court of Kentucky, where, to the best of his poor abilities, he argued all these questions.—The argument was then printed—and is open for the inspection of every body. It is a legal argument, but perhaps sufficiently popular in its style to be readable. He said it contained his honest convictions of what the law was, and he had not changed his views since. He could say no less at the capital of a slave State, surrounded by slaveholders in the South. He could say no more in the hot-beds of abolitionism in the North.

Mr JOHNSTON said he never had been an abolitionist. Had never felt it his duty to violate the great federal compact. He could wish that certain clauses of it were otherwise; but had always in all his official relations sworn to support the constitution without mental reservation.

He believed as a liberty man, or free soiler, he was as orthodox as any man. But he could not use the cant of the boys, and say, that "he was not anything else." There were thousands of other objects which deserved our care. God made the human mind broad enough to contemplate the glory of the Heavens and the resources of the earth; made the human heart large enough to sympathise in the sufferings and rejoice in the prosperity of the whole human family, black and white.—He deeply deprecated the thought of looking at this mighty scene through a tube so narrow as to shut out every object of thought, and every object of sympathy but one.—From one-idea-ism, there is a proclivity to insanity. The mind tied down to one idea, like an eagle in a cage, beats off her plumage and can no longer soar. The heart pent up in one idea, turns to sourness, jealousy and discontent. Old, tried, and fast friends are regarded as enemies. The dreadful monomania begins to show itself in the bitterest hostility to one's best friends. The house of hospitality and happiness becomes a place of snarling crossness, and censorious fault-finding.

He said he had known one dear friend, smitten by the melancholy of monomania, to commit suicide. Another to go to the Lunatic Asylum—another to turn his back upon the Church in which he was cradled, under the belief that all his brethren hated him—another to adjure his Bible and his religion and go over to hopeless skepticism.

Mr. Johnston said he loved charity every where and under all beneficent forms. The broad and expansive charity which sends the missionary and the schoolmaster into the South Sea islands—"the charity that seeketh not its own," but seeks to reclaim the wandering Bedouin—"the charity that hopeth all things," and, reaching beyond the Cape of Good Hope, hopes to convert the Hottentot—the charity that believeth all things, even the emancipation and elevation of the enslaved African. But above all, and beyond all, he loved that sweet-souled charity which begins at home; which first emancipates the slaves of our own household, and converts the domestic heathen, and then widens into the circle of our neighbors, and then expands into the horizon of man.

Having finished his remarks on these questions, Mr. Johnston asked if there was any one present who had a fault to find, or a question to ask, and desired them to speak now or hereafter hold their peace. Here he sat down to wait for a reply. After a few moments, no one appearing to object or ask a question, he proceeded for an hour and a half to discuss the domestic policy of our own State—to point out the course of policy pursued by the respective parties, when they had a working majority in both branches of the Legislature; showing that in the promotion of liberty—of popular education—of equalizing the public burthens—of preserving the credit of the State—of promoting the national wealth—which he defined to be the universal prosperity of the working classes—the Whigs had always taken the lead, and been the true progressives; while on all those leading principles of State policy, the Democrats had been either inert, obstructive, or destructive.

This portion of his speech was truly able and unanswerable, and it will be heard in every county of the State.

A HOOSIER IN BOSTON.—The Editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* writing from Boston, tells the following story:

Western folks feel in this city as though in a strait waistcoat, for their personal liberty is so hedged in that freedom of action is gone.—Those addicted to smoking especially, feel twice the desire to promenade the streets, cigar in mouth, from the bare fact that the enemies of the fragrant weed have forbid its use in the streets of Boston. I heard an excellent anecdote of the adventures of a live Hoosier in this city, which illustrates the municipal regulations of this mummy dissecting city better than a book. After a good dinner at his hotel, he ignited a cigar, and started out for a stroll.

After a few steps a policeman tapped him on the shoulder, and informed him that the penalty was two dollars for the offence of smoking. He promptly pulled out a five dollar bill and received a three in change. Proceeding on his walk, in a few minutes he next met a beggar girl who asked for something to eat.--Recollecting that he had the remains of a hunk of gingerbread, the peculiar diet of Hoosierland, in his pocket, he generously proffered it to the mendicant. Again he was tapped on the shoulder by the policeman, and told it was against the laws of Boston to give away offal, as it all belonged to the city, and requested two dollars for his grave offence.--The three dollar bill was drawn out, and when the policeman tendered one in change it was refused by the Hoosier, with the cool remark. "No, keep it, *I shall want to whistle in a few minutes.*"

A GREAT FALL.—While passing the Bienville street Engine House, yesterday, we observed some men engaged in elevating a negro boy to the top of a flag-staff for the purpose of making some repairs. When the boy was raised as high as the cross-trees, (about 75 feet) the rope broke, and the negro fell to the earth. To the surprise of every one, the application of a little water brought the negro to his speech and senses, and he complained of no injuries, save a slight cut on his head and a broken wrist. Sambo must be one of those who are hard to kill.—*N. O. Delta.*

UNCLE SAM.—Some trespassers upon the public lands have been convicted in Alabama, and fined $3000 and imprisonment, for the cutting of four hundred pine trees. Uncle Sam loses an immense sum every year by depredations of this kind.—The District Attorney of Michigan recently reported to the Solicitor of the Treasury, that he had authorized the Marshal to seize some twelve millions of feet of lumber, sawed and in the log lying at different saw mills in the State, all taken by tresspassers from public lands.

Seduction and Suicide.—A young girl 27 years of age, named Lavini Cook, committed suicide at Cleveland, Ohio, by taking oxalic acid on the 24th ult. It appears from the testimony adduced before the coroner's inquest that she had been seduced by a Mr. Cowles, who had kept her for two years, as she averred, under a promise of marriage. This he denied, and on the fatal day wrote her a letter enclosing $20, the purport of which was that he had heard from various sources that she had claimed an engagement between them, and a promise of marriage—that she knew this could never be, that all correspondence between them, and all idea of marriage, must cease immediately. On receiving this letter, Miss Cook wrote him an answer imploring him to come and see her for the last time. She said she would wait for him till 10 o'clock—but he not coming at that time, she was found dead at 11. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by taking oxalic acid.

Death from the Bite of an Alligator.—A man by the name of Abner Smith, of Massachusetts, brought three Alligators from Louisana to this city a short time since, for the purpose of exhibiting them. One of these disgusting reptiles bit him on the arm, on Wednesday last. He paid but little attention to the wound for a day or two, supposing that the hurt was but slight. On Saturday his arm swelled to an enormous size, and became very painful and he was taken to the Hospital, where he died on Sunday night in great agony.

Cin. Dispatch 9th.

The sale of wool in Licking county, Ohio, it is estimated, will amount to about $200,000.